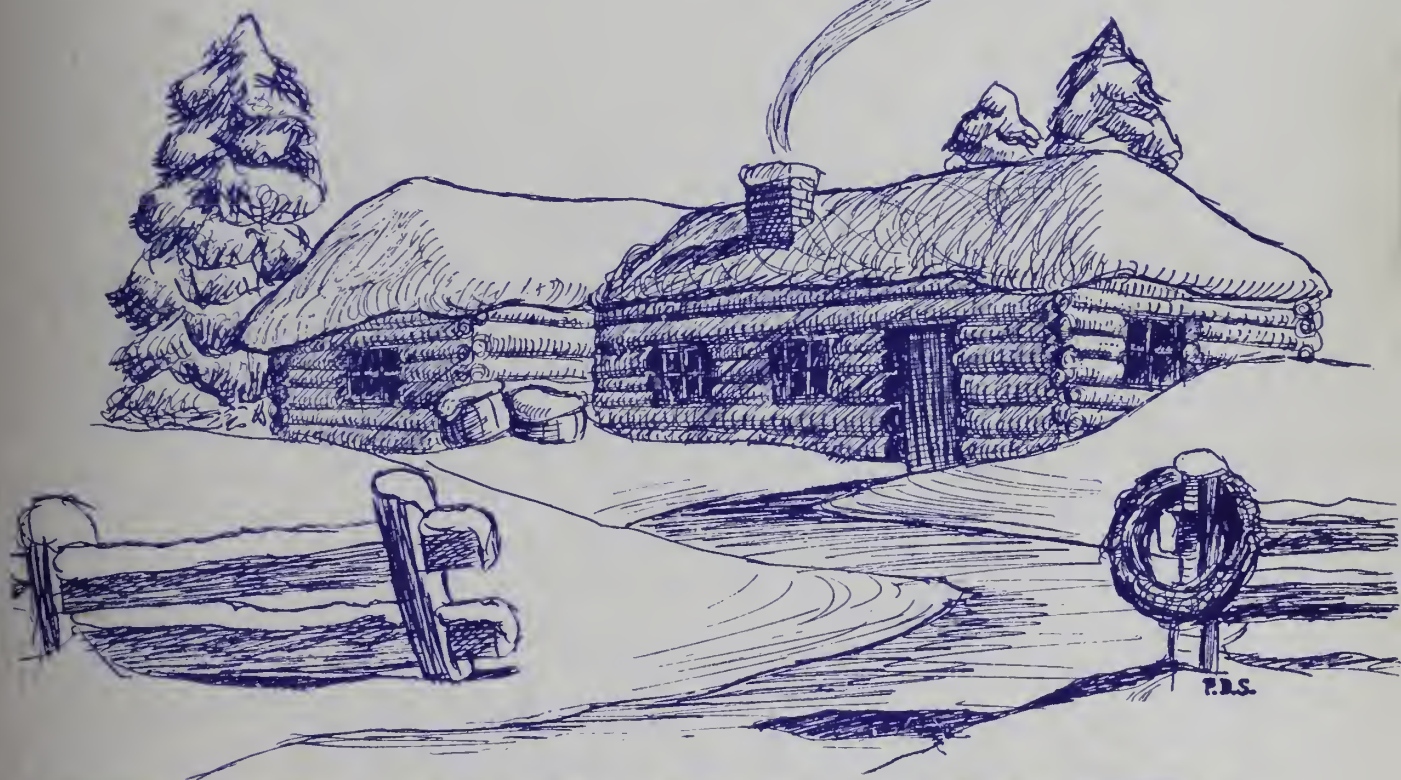


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ROBERT W. WALES



JOHN M. FALVEY

Noster Novus Praeceptor

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49



This year, a new Headmaster, Mr. George L. McKim, began his tenure of office at Boston Latin School, determined to follow faithfully the path of his illustrious predecessors. Mr. McKim, a middle-aged man in the full vigor of his life, has had almost twelve years' experience with boys, which will be a decided asset in this new assignment.

George L. McKim was born in Boston and at present resides in Jamaica Plain. There were no other members of his family in the educational field. He decided to be a teacher of history.

He attended Boston Latin School and was graduated in 1918. While here, he participated in Declamation and became a prize declaimer. His best subject was ancient history. American history was not taught at Latin School at this time. Asked what subject he considered most difficult for the average student, Mr. McKim re-

plied, "Mathematics. At least, it always was the most difficult subject for me."

Mr. McKim entered Boston College and was graduated in 1922 with an A.B. degree. The next year he received his Ed.M. degree. In 1933, he had the unusual honor of receiving both his A.M. and LL.B. degrees the same day!

Mr. McKim's school appointments were as follows: Six months of substitute teaching at Boston Latin School; one year teaching Grades Seven and Eight at the John Winthrop School; two years at Boston English High School; nine years at Dorchester High for Boys; and thirteen years at the Jeremiah E. Burke High School.

Active in both World Wars, Mr. McKim served thirty-three months in World War II as a 1st lieutenant, mustering out as a captain.

His avocations are golf and bridge.

"I'm a terrible golfer, but a good bridge player," he asserts, with a smile.

Upon assuming the duties of Headmaster at Boston Latin School, Mr. McKim made a pledge to the School and Alumni, which he wishes to reaffirm: "My constant aim is and will be to maintain the fine standards and high reputation which Boston Latin School has enjoyed through the centuries."

Boston Latin School is measuring up to all Mr. McKim's expectations, and he is very much pleased with his appointment. He also wishes to thank both the Faculty and the Student Body for his fine

reception and for their cooperation. His message to the Student Body is: "Persevere and carry on, no matter what difficulties may beset you."

This is the man who is ushering in a new era at Latin School, and these are the things about our new Headmaster which your reporter and the "Register" know are of interest to you. The Jeremiah E. Burke High School's loss has been Boston Latin School's gain.

The Alumni, the Faculty, and the Student Body wish Mr. McKim a long and successful administration in the oldest and most famous high school in the country.

Fish Story

By DAVID H. FLIGHT, '49

The small Wisconsin river glittered in the sun with a thousand facets, as a long, lean canoe slowly drifted in its current. Two men sat in the light craft, neither speaking as they watched the shoreline, hoping to recognize a landmark which they had seen in the dark of the previous evening.

One of the men broke the silence. "Think she'll be out again so soon?"

"I dunno—it seems a little too soon. We gave her one big scare last night."

"Yes, but all a muskellunge is, is a big pickerel, and I've caught those sons o' guns three times in an hour."

"Could be," his companion rejoined; "but a fish can't get as big as she is without being mighty careful."

Five hundred yards downstream the object of their search slowly moved upstream. The fish was a veritable monster—six feet long, gaping mouth lined with row upon row of needle-sharp teeth. It requires a lively imagination to picture this submarine monster inhabiting waters where few fish more than two feet long are taken. Looking like an outsized common pickerel, this immense denizen of the north is one of a vanishing race.

As civilization advances, nature must pay, and this species of fish is part of the price.

Suddenly, the muskellunge stopped short. A small—something—had plopped down on a lily pad directly over her head. Then, slowly it moved toward the edge of the pad—and suddenly "jumped" into the water. Instantly the fish lunged, and a second later almost had her mouth torn out as the fisherman struck.

She vaulted into the air once, twice, a dozen times. She dove, rubbed her snout on the rocky bottom, slashed the weeds with her tail. She climbed to the surface, thrashing the surface into foam; climbed out of the water and danced around on the surface of the water on her tail. She thrashed, writhed serpent-like, when suddenly she was in the canoe.

She began her convulsions anew. Faintly she heard shouts, the sound of rattling tin, when a heavy blow on her body threw her from the boat. Ten seconds later, a weary muskellunge lay in her den, a piece of steel protruding from her gill-plate.

A disappointed fisherman looked at his broken gaff.

Do Unto Others

By PAUL G. DONAHUE, '49



In the glow of the late afternoon sun of early September, "Tom" Dixon stood, suitcase in hand, at the base of the hill on the summit of which stood Kenton College. "This is going to be my home for four years," murmured Tom. "Well, I guess if Dad made it, I can, too."

"Tom" Dixon was tall, with a broad frame, a shock of sandy hair, and a wide grin, which labeled him as easy-going as he was big. He was dressed neatly in his best suit. In his right hand he carried a battered suitcase containing things which he would need right away; a trunk would be along later with his other belongings.

"Are you headed for Kenton, too?" asked a voice behind him.

Turning, Tom saw a smaller, well-dressed boy, about his own age. He had dark hair and blue eyes that sparkled. He, too, had a suitcase in his hand.

"Yes, I am," returned Tom; "and I guess we had better get along and register soon, before all the good rooms are gone." He put out his hand. "My name is Tom Dixon. I'm from Maine. How about you?"

The other boy replied, "I'm Chet Ryder, from Massachusetts; my friends call me 'Peewee'."

"Okay, Peewee; glad to know you.

Now, what say we start moving? It's a good walk from here to the top."

"Sure, but why the rush? A lot of the Freshmen won't be here till tomorrow or later. Classes don't start till Monday."

"Yes, but I want to get Room 41 in West Hall, if possible. That's the dorm my father had. He had to work his way through. Everyone says it's a rich boy's school. I wonder if they are all snobs."

Peewee laughed at this confusion of history. "I doubt it," he said; "my folks are what you'd call well-to-do, but I don't think I'm a snob."

"Oh, no! I didn't mean—I didn't think—that is—"

"Forget it," laughed Peewee. They started up the road to the top.

"Say, how about you and me rooming together?" queried Tom.

"Sure," said Peewee. "Mutt and Jeff seem to hit it off all right. Why not us?" Laughing, they continued up the hill toward the buildings which would serve as both home and school for four years to come.

A few hours later the two boys were settled in their room comfortably; and owing to the fact that many boys had not yet arrived, "Tom" had been able to get the room he wanted. They turned in at ten o'clock, for both were tired from the long train ride.

The next morning after breakfast, they made a tour of the campus, visiting classrooms, study halls, library, the administration building to get their programs; then the athletic field and gymnasium. "Tom" announced his intention to play football at Kenton, and "Peewee" told him that with his frame he should make the team without too much trouble. "Tom," however, wasn't so confident.

"You need more than just size to play football, Peewee; and no matter how good

you are, there's always some one better."

On the way back to the room a flashily dressed youth, carrying expensive luggage, stopped them and, introducing himself as David P. Farley, IV, asked for the Administration Building. Having been told, he showed no signs of starting but put down his suitcases and said: "I'm all fagged out from carrying these suitcases up that hill. The train trip was tiring. Father was difficult and refused to send one of our cars to bring me here."

"Tch, tch; terrible," murmured "Peewee." "Tom" poked him, but the other boy had caught "Peewee's" remark and threw him a look that should have melted a bronze statue. "Peewee" innocently gazed at Farley till he decided "Peewee" hadn't been making fun of him. Turning, he surveyed his surroundings, then said slowly: "What a dump! It's so far from everything. The nearest town is Kenton, and that isn't much. Besides, that's a good walk from here. Well, I guess I'll just have to make the best of it. Dad insists that I go here and consort with whoever is here. Well, I won't put up with any of these corn-fed hicks from the backwoods of Ohio or Maine or—"

"I'm from Maine," interrupted "Tom" in a cold voice.

"That so?" asked Farley, apparently unconcerned that both boys were regarding him distastefully.

"Well, as I was saying—"

"I'm afraid we have other matters to attend to, Farley," said "Tom." "Good-bye." With that, the two boys walked off, leaving Farley with his luggage and a feeling of resentment. Who were they to walk off like that? They'd be sorry for that before long.

"Whew!" said "Peewee." "I'm glad you broke away when you did, Tom. I needed some fresh air about then. Insufferable, wasn't he?"

"You're not kidding," returned "Tom." "I just hope I don't have to see much of him."

Classes began the next day, and the two boys forgot about Farley as they buckled down to work. Soon, first call for football came; "Tom," along with a hundred or so other boys, turned out for the Frosh team. Farley was there; and although "Tom" said "hello", the other didn't speak. The coach, "Randy" Baker, took names and positions and issued equipment. "Tom" and Farley were trying for the same position—fullback. Soon the coach, a smallish man with thinning hair and a penetrating voice, started giving the backfield candidates passing, kicking, and running drills.

A week later the first cut came, and Tom hurried to the bulletin board to see the list. Much to his relief, he was still on the roster—but so was Farley!

That afternoon, Baker broke up the survivors into teams. There were twenty-three left of the forty-five who had gone out for the backfield. "Tom" and Farley were placed as fullbacks and temporary captains on opposite teams. A game was started. The toss had gone to Farley, who had elected to kick off. "Tom" fell in behind his interference and came up the field from his 10-yard line behind a wave of blockers till Farley filtered through and brought him down with a viciously hard tackle on the 30-yard line. In a practice game, that sort of tackle isn't usually made; and, not being prepared for it, he was picked up and banged down so hard that the fillings in his teeth were almost jarred out.

"Tom" got up slowly.

"Nice tackle," he said. "I don't know what you're trying to show me, feller; but if it's that you think you can bang me out of your way without much trouble, you've got another think coming!" With that, he walked back to his place and on the next play came roaring through the line like a runaway locomotive, carrying two linemen with him till Farley came in again with another bone-crushing tackle.

"Rich boy is doing all right," sneered Farley and walked away.

On a short pass from Stevens, the quarterback, to Finney, the right end, Farley intercepted and started up the field fast. He reversed his field twice after running out of blockers, but "Tom" smashed him down harder than he himself had been tackled—so hard, in fact, that Farley couldn't get up for a minute. He soon recovered, however, and was up, mad as a hornet! The teams, sensing something personal about the feud, minded their own business. Each man took care of his job; and if one of the captains was carrying the mail, they let the other one take care of him if he was in any position to do so.

So it went all through the game, each man trying to knock the other flat. At the end of the session they were still at it hot and heavy. Near the end, the coach had come back; and seeing what was happening, he watched them narrowly, knowing that the two wouldn't be at it that hard in the first practice game just because the fullback position was going to be between them.

Later, "Peewee," who had been watching practice, remarked to "Tom" while they were walking to the dormitory before supper, how queer it seemed that some one who had complained on arrival of having to carry suitcases up the hill, could take the pounding that Farley had taken that afternoon.

"I guess he's just lazy about things he doesn't want to do," replied "Tom." He has muscles all right, and he's fast. If only he wasn't so vindictive—oh, well, I

guess there's no use in trying to change the leopard's spots to hearts, although I certainly didn't start this; and if there was a way to stop it, I'd try to do it."

"It's too bad," said Peewee; "but off-hand, I'd say it was up to him, not you. After all, he started it, and you've got to defend yourself."

"It's a problem," sighed Tom as they entered the dormitory.

Tom's and Farley's little game was continued the next day until the coach, fearing someone would get hurt, tried using the two as halfbacks on the same team; but Farley wouldn't or couldn't run interference well when "Tom" had the ball and "Tom" was being smeared for losses. They went back to their fullback spots, and it began all over again. The next day the final cut was announced, and both "Tom" and Farley were still on the roster.

With the first game due the next week, "Tom" was at fullback in the starting line-up. This served only to embitter Farley. The next day, the effects of this blow showed up. Another game was in progress, and Farley came around his own right end; and since it began to look as though he was headed for paydirt, three men hit him at once. One of them was "Tom." The resulting thump was heard the length of the field. A minute or two later, Farley opened his eyes and stared blankly for a second at "Tom" and the others gathered around him. Gradually he remembered what had happened; and, struggling to his feet, he hauled off and planted on "Tom's" jaw a right that knocked him down.

"So you can't take care of yourself any longer!" he screamed. "You have to have two other guys to help you!" Tom got up; and had the coach not walked up just then, there would have been a fistfight.

"Who swung first?" the coach asked mildly.

"I did!" shouted Farley. "He—"

"That's all, Farley," interrupted the Coach. "Turn in your uniform—now. You're through! I don't know why you



two dislike each other and have been trying to kill each other ever since you got here, but I've never allowed players to fight on the field and never will. The only reason I let this nonsense of trying to main each other go on is that I thought that you would get it out of your systems, shake hands; and then I'd have a team with better morale. However, I see now that one of you must go; and since you're the trouble-maker, Farley, you're it. Hit the showers!"

The season had been a good one for Kenton with a "5-won, 1-lost" record; but the game with Westfield was *the* game. Kenton could have lost all six previous games; but if they beat Westfield, it would be counted a successful season.

During the first quarter of the game, the tide ebbed and flowed as the battle raged up and down the field, neither team scoring; but in the second quarter Westfield scored twice, converted once, to leave the score at the half 13—0.

As the team came into the Field-House, "Tom" limped over to the Coach.

"I twisted my ankle on the last play, Coach. I can't play the second half."

"Oh, no!" groaned Baker. "Well, there goes the game. I'll send in Whitney to replace you."

"Wait a minute, coach. Westfield is the fastest team I've seen. Whitney is too slow to play against them. So am I, for that matter."

"Who else can I send in?"

"Coach,—will you do something for me?"

"Sure, I guess so. What do you have in mind, Dixon?"

"Reinstate 'Dave' Farley. I think he learned his lesson. He's fast enough to stop Westfield and do some scoring himself. He's sitting near the 30-yard line. I saw him there."

Randy Baker looked at "Tom" curiously for a moment and said, "That's a funny thing for you to ask, Dixon; but I said I'd do what you asked, so get him

down here. Send the water-boy for him."

A few minutes later, "Dave" Farley walked in. "Do you want me?" he asked the Coach. "Do you think you can stay out of a fistfight with the Westfield players if I send you in, Farley?" asked the coach.

Farley colored and nodded. "I think so, Coach."

"Okay; get into a uniform. You're starting the second half. Dixon sprained his ankle on the last play."

Farley moved away and got dressed.

The second half was a different story. Refreshed players, with "Dave" Farley as fullback, went back on the field. Within five minutes the score stood 13-7 due to a flashing end run by "Dave" Farley, who outraced two of Westfield's fleetest players. The element of surprise was in Kenton's favor, for Westfield's scouts had reported no such speed in any player on the Kenton team. They recovered, however; and from then until the final minutes of the game there was no more scoring.

Then, out of nowhere, a Kenton end appeared in the Westfield end-zone to take a 40-yard pass from "Dave" Farley, who converted a minute later, making it 14-13. Westfield got the ball and started a desperate passing flurry; but none of them clicked, and time ran out as "Dave" Farley knocked down the last pass.

Back in the Field-House, players were taking everything apart as "Tom" walked briskly over to "Dave" Farley, dragging a reluctant "Peewee" along.

"I thought you sprained your ankle!" exclaimed Farley and the Coach together.

"No, but I had to make you think I did," smiled "Tom." "Congratulations, Dave, you played a swell game."

"I don't get it," growled the coach.

"It's simple," "Peewee" explained. "Tom knew that he couldn't stop Westfield, and Farley could. So he pulled that sprained ankle gag on you."

"I—you—er," Farley stammered. "Look, Tom,—I guess I was away off base," he blurted out. "I had no business

making that remark about hicks, and I was pretty silly to start that nonsense on the field, especially when I socked you. I hope it's not too late to be friends. I think you did something that very few others would have done. In your place, I know I wouldn't have." He put out his

hand. "How about it? You, too, Pee-wee."

"Sure thing, Dave," both boys answered.

A little later, three figures emerged from the Field-House and walked together toward West Hall.

An Explanation

By CONRAD GELLER, '51

I am a young man of good character and at least average intelligence. My habits are modest; my demeanor is dignified; my manners are polite and simple. I am, let us say, the typical Latin School student. Having said this, let us go further and say that I differ greatly from the average student of that fine institution in that my homework is sadly neglected.

Not that I am deliberately negligent; nothing could be farther from the truth. Every evening, at the same early hour, I sit down with a bookbag at my side; a pen, pencil, ruler; and much of the good old-fashioned rugged enthusiasm. My studies are about to begin.

We shall assume that it is a Saturday night. The venerable masters assigned to care for me have generously supplied the subject-matter. The stage is set, and my materials are in readiness. The house is empty, for my parents are out for a walk and my older brother is out with the boys.

All is scrupulously quiet, the perfect setting for intense and serious study. I begin my French, and this is the way my train of thought runs:

"*Le fils de l'homme est avec la tante*" . . . That reminds me, my aunt is getting married . . . lucky guy! . . . I wonder if old picklepuss is married? . . . Why does he give such tough assignments? . . . Wonder what I got in that last test off Dumpy? What a character! . . . I wonder what Doris is doing now? . . . Oh, heck; here comes my dopey brother! . . ."

My thoughts and studies are violently

interrupted by a clatter on the stairs, a quickly opened door, and a boorish English High Senior rushing into the room.

"Time to call Nancy!" he announces, and I groan. If you own stock in the Telephone Company, you will love my brother. For a dollar's worth of small talk, mixed with big talk, diluted in mush, you will get your money's worth at our house.

Finally, it is over, and he hurries out to play basketball. The phone rings. I groan again, and answer it . . .

"Hello. Oh; hi, Marty! What's new?" (A tale of hopeless love follows as answer to this question). "O. K. Let's call them up for a double date. Yes, Beverly and Judy. Tomorrow. Take it easy, Marty. Good-bye . . ."

With a sudden start, I return to my desk and doggedly take up my German . . .

"*Der mann und die frau sind wohl*" . . . This stuff makes me sick! . . . I've got a wicked headache! Maybe if I turned on the radio and listened to some soothing music . . ."

"Watch that girl, Tonto! What's he doing? Look out! That's the boy! Oops! (I knock over a vase). What a man!" . . .

What's the use? I stuff my books back into my bag, close my pen, and give up for the night . . .

And that, teachers and parents, is why, each month, my eyes take on a hunted look mingled with a puzzled one. I just can't understand it! I study three hours every night!

The Troubles of Benny

(With apologies to Damon Runyon)

By ROBERT H. GOLDSTEIN, '49

One afternoon, I am standing in front of Ben the Barber's, doing nothing in particular, when who should I see coming down the street but Benny himself? Now this is quite unusual; for Ben, as everyone knows, is one of the most conscientious and hardworking members of the community and even of the county, and for Ben to be out of his shop on any afternoon, instead of in it working, is an event that could arouse considerable notice in the district.

Well, as I am saying, I see Benny walking down the street not at all in his usual manner. Benny, as a rule, walks as if he is in a trance. His eyes are straight ahead, and he never seems to notice any one. In fact, I will lay you good money that if you go up to Benny and punch him in the nose, he will not even feel it. Another strange thing about Benny is the fact that he always has big bags under his eyes, and he always looks very sad and also very sleepy. As Benny approaches me, I see that he seems exceedingly wide-awake; and he even walks around a big, fat cat, lying on the sidewalk, instead of stepping on it as he usually does. Also, the bags are gone from under his eyes, and he looks very pleased with himself.

As soon as he gets within speaking distance of me, I say to him, "Benny, tell me. Why is it you look like a person who knows what the name of the song is, instead of your normal gloomy self?" To this Benny answers, "My troubles are over. No longer must I worry about money. I have just made a deal what is quite a deal!"

Steering Benny across the street to Hymie's Hash House and ordering two large bowls of onion soup, for I know that if there is one thing that Benny likes, it is a large bowl of onion soup as made by

Hymie, I say, "Just what kind of a deal have you made?"

Benny takes a large swallow of onion soup, moves his chair a little closer to mine, and speaks thus: "Last night I am sitting in my shop after all my customers are gone, and I am thinking how hard times are. I am thinking that of all the money I have ever had, all I have left is the ten G's stashed away in the little safe in the back room, and I am also thinking of how I can pick up a few bob. Well, who should come walking in the door but two friends of mine from the days gone by, Jittery George and Harry the Hip?" At this I am quite shocked, indeed; for, although Benny is quite the operator before the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed, he is now considered to be on the straight and narrow. Also these two friends of Benny's are not too sociable characters, as they have a habit of stealing things and on occasion have been known not to hesitate to shoot some one up very thoroughly, indeed. In fact, it is said that these two are very warm in many parts of the country.

"Well," Benny continues, "these friends are making me a proposition. They tell me that they have spotted a shop, much like mine, across town, and they would like some pointers on how to perform a J-O-B on a place of this kind. Since they offer me five G's for the information, I



tell them all there is to know about getting into and out of a place like mine, which is more than somewhat, for you know I have lost none of the art I had back in the old days. I also tell them how to shut off a burglar alarm, how to open a safe like mine, and other things like that. For this I receive five G's. That is what I call easy money.

I agree with Benny on this last point; and now, knowing why Benny is so happy, and also having finished my onion soup, I bid Benny farewell and leave for my haunts downtown. I do not see or hear from Benny for several weeks; so one day I pay him a visit at his shop. When I get there, it is no longer Ben the Barber's Shop. In place of Ben's establishment is a thriving meat market. I ask one of the locals, standing around, what has happened to Benny.

This local, Max the Tout, puts on a sad face and proceeds to tell me of how two thieves are entering Benny's store,

one night, just as if they had a key, opening up Benny's safe and taking the fifteen G's just as if they had the combination, and, after having shut off the burglar alarm, leave without as much as breaking a pane of glass or scratching a piece of wood. When Benny hears of this and of how his life's savings are gone, he is very perturbed, indeed. In fact, he is so perturbed that after wandering around for a few days, mumbling to himself, he goes and throws himself into the drink.

I am very sorry to hear this and walk off, feeling quite sad about Benny. Suddenly, I feel a large pain on my back. Turning around, I see Herman the Weeper, looking happier than I have seen him for forty years. He again slaps me on the back and says, "I have just made a deal what is quite a deal!"

I look at Herman, shake my head sadly, and walk away, feeling very bad, indeed, for Benny, and also quite sorry for Herman.

B. L. S. Quiz

By S. J. FERRIS, '50

- Under what B. L. S. headmaster did pupils stage a successful rebellion?
- Within five, how many masters in the Latin School are in or past their twentieth year of service in the school?
- What master during the summer months plays semi-pro baseball in the Boston Park League?
- What master is a playwright for the Clover Club, consisting of such luminaries as Fred Allen and John F. Fitzgerald?
- What master recently advised his pupils to read the English translation?
- What master acquires pin-money by writing stories for Collier's Magazine?
- How long did Benjamin Franklin remain in Latin School?
- Including this next season, what District League hockey team has had former Latin School students as goalies for three years?
- What master now edits a paper for a section of Boston?
- Give the three Latin School teachers who have been teaching longest in the school?

Answers to B. L. S. Quiz

1. Mr. William Bigelow, 1814.
2. Twenty-One.
3. Mr. Jameson.
4. Dr. Marnell.
5. Mr. McGuffin.
6. Mr. Godfrey.
7. One year.
8. South Boston High.
9. Mr. Doherty.
10. Mr. French (1910).
- Mr. Levine (1915).
- Mr. Bowker (1917).

Our Lords and Masters



ROLAND N. FOUNTAINE

Roland N. Fontaine . . . teaches geography in 329. Lives in Dorchester . . . Born in Ware, Mass. . . . College De L'Assomption, Worcester . . . Boston College Graduate School . . . Taught at La Salle Academy and Boston College before coming into Boston system . . . Married . . . Two daughters . . . Hobby—Resting . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Get out of the red".

*The Headmaster and The Faculty
Join In Wishing The Students
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year*

CAPT. JAMES MORGAN STEWART

Captain James Morgan Stewart . . . Military drill instructor . . . Born in South Boston . . . Still lives there . . . Mass. Military Academy '40 . . . Infantry School, Ft. Benning Georgia, '42 . . . Went overseas in March '43 as First Lieutenant . . . Took part in the invasion of Italy September 9, 1943 . . . Was in the battles of Silana, Casino, Anzio . . . Wounded at Casino, Anzio, Rome . . . Decorated: Silver Star, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Presidential Citation, Combat Infantry Badge . . . Came back in October '44 . . . Military drill instructor, English High '45 . . . Now Captain 101st Infantry, National Guard.



The Fine Art of Collecting

By THOMAS SOBOL, '49



From the tender age of ten until about a year ago, it was my good fortune to be employed as a newsboy by the Boston-Herald-Traveler Co., Inc. During this time I met more people, made more friends, and discovered more about human nature than I anticipate doing again—and all through the simple process of collecting. Being considered (and considering myself) proficient in this form of pecuniary endeavor, I shall, for the benefit of posterity, expound my views on some of the finer points of this highly specialized skill.

To the average citizen, collecting fifty cents or more every week from each of two hundred people is a cinch, a laugh or a plain bore. My advice to the jolly old A. C. is to try it some time. Each house, each person, each dog is a major obstacle, to be overcome only by pluck, determination, and *The-Will-to-Win*. Yet, with sufficient knowledge of the fundamentals and a natural talent for snooping, even a beginner can succeed fairly well. These fundamentals include (1) the approach; (2) the touch; and (3) the getaway.

(1) *The approach*. (This is probably the most important point of all—for, logically enough, you can't "get at" what you

can't "get to.") The approach is best made under cover of darkness; no one can observe your coming, and you can tell by the lights, or absence of lights, whether any one is at home. It must be made stealthily and as inconspicuously as possible (At times, this procedure is rendered somewhat difficult by the barking of a ferocious dog or the hapless setting-off of some miser's burglar-alarm. However, that's another story.) It is generally to the collector's advantage to use the rear doorbell. (I have discovered that ninety per cent of the front variety are out of order.) One should ring twice gently and wait a few moments; then, if there is no response, one should lean against the bell and unmercifully pummel the door with fists and feet. If there still should be no reply, give up, brother; the occupants are either deaf or have nerves of iron and the will-power of stoics, and won't be disturbed by any tumultuous uproar.

(2) *The touch*. Since most of you are only too familiar with this phase of the game, I shall pass it by, and proceed to Number Three.

(3) *The getaway*. The getaway is self-explanatory, and means just what it implies . . . Clear out, brother; and fast. Too many otherwise successful collectors have been ruined by a penchant for chatting.

Don't think, however, that the collector's troubles are over once he has entered a house. He is now plagued by a variety of characters that would make Greenwich Village green with envy. In addition to nickel-nursers, penny-pinchers, and greedy grouches, we have windbags and those most pestiferous of mammals—the *can-you-break-a-twenty-I-haven't-any-change-ers*. The windbags can be easily avoided by strict adherence to Principle Number Three. The latter, however, are

a bit more difficult; but I have discovered that the most effective way of putting them in their place is to say nothing, smile much, and pour out several thousand pennies on the table. This action usually sends them scurrying to the china-closet, from which they miraculously produce the exact change.

Seriously, though, collecting offers many opportunities for disciples of Dale Carnegie to meet friends. While collecting on my routes, I have been invited in to birthday parties, begged to help fix flat

tires, and sent to find the recipe for dill pickles (Armenian style.) I have rejoiced with the parents of a new-born child, and I have seen the look on a mother's face as she read one of those black-rimmed messages from the War Department. I have been a participant in a thousand little games and jokes; have been praised and cursed; and incidentally, have learned much about human nature. I can honestly say that I would not trade those Friday nights of collecting for a winter in Florida.

Famous Expressions

By ARTHUR S. TORE, '50

Here is a new feature, boys. Try to guess the names of the masters quoted here. Maybe I'll tell you the answers when I graduate.

1. "The idle mind is the devil's workshop."—An English teacher.

2. "Shtop!"—A German teacher.

3. "You do understand, don't you? Oh, no; you don't."—A "math" teacher.

4. "Boy, you sho' dumb, boy."—A math teacher.

5. "Observe!"—A math teacher.

6. "Boys, you shouldn't do things like that."—A Latin teacher.

7. "Why don't you go out and become a bricklayer?"—A Latin teacher.

8. "I could show you how to kick a perfect spiral with a football, but you'll have to do it yourself."—An English teacher.

9. "Hup, hip, hup, fo'h, reverse—."—A phys. ed. terror.

10. "I'll give you two minutes to put your street clothes on again." (Two minutes later.) "Now, you have one and one-half minutes to be back in uniform."—Guess who.

The Choice

By CONRAD GELLER, '51

Should I break faith with Cato's creed

Because I have the tool?

And fool my soul for tangibles . . .

But, should I be a fool?

Like some Diogenes should I

But ask for light of sun?

He had no earth of real worth . . .

But what had Philip's son?

This, then, the choice: to feed the soul

And let the body lie;

Or if we feed the lips with lust,

Just so the soul will die.

Dawn

LEWIS M. OLFSO, '54

A hazy mist has veiled the earth,

The stars have left the sky;

A golden light comes from the East,

The silver moon slips by.

The quiet winds stirred not a leaf

In the woodland so serene

As dawn had entered this new day

More beauteous than a queen.

In slumber yet the world's engrossed,

Though shades of night have gone;

No greater scene can Nature boast

Than the coming of the Dawn.

Merciful Storm

By RICHARD B. TREANOR, '49

Jeff was as lazy as Jim was thrifty. He was ignorant, lazy, suspicious—and jealous. Jim, through hard work and careful saving, had made a small fortune and had built a comfortable cabin in the wilds of winter-cursed Maine. In all their enterprises Jeff, always jealous of his brother, had been shamefully beaten.

He looked at his own shabby cabin—the bare shelves, the unswept floor, the feeble fire—insufficient to warm the room.

Then Jeff gazed at Jim's distant cabin through the rapidly darkening winter sky. He saw smoke rising from its cheering hearth and a bright square of light shining from a window. He knew that inside were rows of preserves and plenty of cordwood in the barn—insurance against the long winter ahead. These things he saw and felt with the same smouldering jealousy which had tormented him all his life.

Tonight his feeling were more acute. Because of a recent quarrel, Jeff's hatred seized him with a stronger grip than ever before. Outside the temperature was below 20; a few snowflakes were falling to the frozen ground. No one knew at this time and under these conditions. It was a perfect setting.

Jeff took down his rifle from the wall. It was only a .22, but it would serve his purpose. He opened the door noiselessly and put on his snowshoes outside.

"Jeff!" His wife called from inside. "Jeff, where are you going?"

"I—er—I'm going over to Jim's to— to borrow an axe handle." He slammed the door and trudged his way on the hard-packed snow of previous storms. Already several inches of soft snow had accumulated.

The murderer, guided by the light in Jim's window, trekked across the lonely fields. Confident, he planned his crime. He would knock; Jim, pleased with unex-

pected company, would gladly welcome him; then the shot, and all would be over. He smiled to himself as he thought of the hundreds of dollars in bills and securities cached in the cellar.

Already night had fallen. Only the soft gray canopy above was visible; even the patch of light ahead was growing dimmer. Flurries of snow beat against him and stung his cheeks.

The wind increased. The snow continued to fall and sweep across the fields. Swirls of the icy stuff blinded him, and the cold made him shiver. The solitary traveler shrugged his rifle higher on his back and grasped fiercely at his frozen scarf. He bent forward into the overpowering blizzard.

He staggered under a fresh gust, but pushed forward again, then fell. When he struggled to his feet, his whole body shaking, the light was no longer visible. A panic of fear seized him. Death, in all its icy fury, clutched his heart. Now his only thought was safety. In all this freezing madness his heart was melted. What right had he, a mortal unable to withstand winter's storm—a mortal whom the very heavens scorned in their heartless way—what right had he to take the life of a man—his brother—for a few worthless dollars? His question was answered only by the howling winds. Darkness enveloped him . . .

Beside a bright, hard-wood fire, Jim was mending a trap. His wife was arranging an extra blanket over the baby, as protection against the unusual cold accompanying the blizzard. She sat down before the fire and watched it pensively. She and her husband were happy in the thought of a strong house, plentiful provisions, and a bright future. They said nothing. A peace like this after a day of honest labor was not to be profaned.

"Jim, did you hear a noise?" The woman spoke quietly, yet fearfully. Jim looked up, listening.

A fitful knock, and Jim stepped to the door to open it.—It flew back with the full force of the raging storm—and crashed against the wall. The baby wailed. A man, his cheeks white, his mouth and ears blue, his bare head ex-

posing hair blanched—not because of the snow, but because of the soul ripping horror of the last hour, his eyes wet with sorrow—this man staggered across the room and fell at Jim's feet.

"Jeff! Jeff! It's Jeff! Mary, run and get some hot water! Jeff, speak!"

"Jim, I—oh, Jim, I came to—to borrow an axe-handle!"

The Best Place

By DANIEL M. DAVIES, '49

Please don't misunderstand me. I am basing my opinions in this paper on several trips to New York (the farthest I've ever been from home); my father's stories of the places he visited during wartime as Purser of a Liberty Ship and during peacetime as Payroll Auditor of a steamship company; and a dozen weekends at the house which my parents bought in Harwich last summer. That—and no more. I haven't visited "Sunny Italy", the "Cote d'Azur", or Southern England. I haven't seen a Mardi Gras in New Orleans or the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau . . . But, from the information I have at present, I conclude that a certain house on a certain corner in a town called Harwich, which is in the state of Massachusetts, is the best place in the United States.

At the beginning of the last war we sold our bungalow in Braintree and moved to an apartment in the city of Boston. We lived there throughout the war, and by 1945 we were a little sick of it. The apartment was small and crowded and stuffy and smelly and, and—*ad infinitum*. My mother would go on for hours at a stretch, and every Sunday we would inspect the real-estate ads in the *Globe*. When my father came home for good, we bought a car (if I may call a Crosley a car), and every Sunday afternoon we investigated the more promising ads. "No," my mother would say, "the

roof sags"; or "It hasn't running water"; or "The chimney isn't big enough". This went on for more than a year. We bought an apartment house in Roxbury. We bought a new car (a Kaiser this time). We still couldn't find a house to suit my mother. Then, one day one of my father's former shipmates visited us.

"Hello, Dan; want to buy a house cheap?"

"Where is it?"

"Harwich."

"Where's that?"

"On the Cape."

At this, my mother chimed in: "How much?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"How old is it?"

"Hundred-fifty years, more or less."

"We'll buy it."

"The roof sags."

"We'll buy it."

"The floors shake when you walk on them."

"We'll buy it."

"It has wooden plumbing—'way out back."

"We'll buy it!"

And we did! We've put on a new roof; put in some new plumbing; and when my mother (weight, 110 pounds) walks across the kitchen, the stove rattles, the table upon which I'm writing vibrates, and I have to stop for a moment. We'll get to that when we jack up the house,

which slopes away from the chimney on all sides.

The weather is good, though. We have had one bad week-end so far; and as I write this I am sitting in the November sun, by an open window, in my shirt-sleeves. My father is cutting wood and, a moment ago, complained of the heat. But, best of all, the air is clean. No coal-dust or train-smoke floats through the house, dirtying curtains and upholstery and gathering in layers on the window-sills and tables and shelves. I can take a deep breath without coating my lungs.

I have become fairly adept with an axe, too. Two things have contributed to that proficiency: one, a big, old wood-burning monster of a stove; and, two, a large growth of poplar which surrounds the

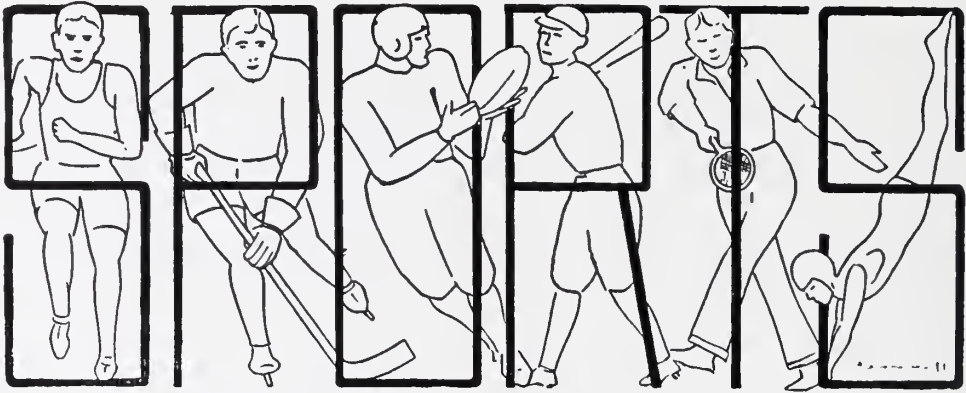
house on three sides. In four week-ends since I started cutting, I have felled fifty or sixty trees, trimmed the branches from them, cut them into one-foot sections, and added half an inch to both my biceps.

Each week-end we make a little head-way. The place was a wreck when we started. Now it is only half-wrecked. On top of, inside, and behind our car we have brought tables, chairs, beds, a stove, tools, and other things necessary for home-making and housekeeping; and (who knows?) perhaps in one year, perhaps ten, our little Cape Cod cottage will be a showplace, and my mother will have her garden to grow vegetables and flowers, my father will have a workshop to build things in, and I shall have my outboard motorboat to go fishing in on Pleasant Bay.

A Thought

By CONRAD GELLER, '51

The blue September morning bravely
shone
As just September mornings can, with
art,
With feeling from the very Autumn's
heart . . .
And here and there were clouds untidy
thrown
By lazy wife, and by her children blown
Across the sky for fun with careless
part;
And, looking up, my soul could not
but smart
At contemplation of a world unknown.
For here was power man could not
imitate,
And here was beauty that no man
could paint,
And here was clue to never-ending
space . . .
I thought, "We must be smaller than
our fate.
Our prayers, on reaching Heaven,
must be faint,
And God must count as one the human
race."



Football

By MYRON LASERSON

Purple and White Handcuffs Commerce

SEPTEMBER 29

Showing signs of becoming a powerhouse in the Boston ranks for the first time in many years, the 1948 edition of the Purple and White opened its season by completely trouncing the High School of Commerce.

The contest got under way when "Ed" Dempsey kicked off to the Commerce "35." After "Doc" Lynch led his teammates in breaking up three of Commerce's best plays, there followed a series of kicks up and down the field which finally ended with Latin in possession on Commerce's "30." Walsh then threw a shovel-pass to Markoff, who raced around end for a first down. Seconds later, "Dick" threw a forward to "Ed" Dempsey, standing in the end zone, for the first score of the game. "Tom" Kent added the extra point with a perfect placement.

Now, after Dempsey kicked off, Commerce started to move down the field. Despite great tackles made by Kane and Monafó, Commerce had a first down on the Latin "44" as the first period ended. Another first down started to worry the Latin rooters in the stands, but Dempsey and Kane stopped the Commerce attack by throwing a would-be passer for about twenty yards. Commerce's kick went into the end zone, and Latin took over on the

twenty. After an exchange of punts plus a 15-yard penalty against Latin, the Purple and White found themselves with their backs to the wall, on their own "2". The attempted kick was blocked, and Commerce recovered in the end zone to make the score 7-6.

Commerce tried a pass for the extra point, but it was knocked down. Now came the most spectacular play of the day. "Lee" Markoff took the Commerce kick-off on his own "25" and ran the rest of the way, untouched, for the most thrilling touchdown of the game. The blocking on this play was sensational; everybody on the team took out a man, and "Duke" Skinner took out two. Harvey Wolff notched the extra point, and we were ahead, 14 to 6. The half ended just after Dempsey's kick was downed on the Commerce "38."

In the second half, Latin scored twice more, with "Dick" Walsh's passing the highlight of both scores. After Dempsey had kicked off to Commerce's "35," Commerce quick-kicked to give Latin the ball on her own "40." Markoff made 20 yards on an end-run, and then Walsh threw a long pass to Dempsey, who stepped out of bounds on the one-yard line. "Bill" Monafó plunged over from there. The

second touchdown of the period also started from the Latin "40," but this time it took only two plays. Walsh threw two 30-yard passes to "Duke" Skinner, the second one good for the touchdown. The third period ended shortly after that; and during the last period, Coach Fitzgerald cleaned the bench and let his regulars take a well-earned rest.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Sid" Kane and "Tom" Kent were bulwarks in the line, stopping play after play with their steady and brilliant performance.

"Jack" Goldberg's defensive play was magnificent. His charging the passer saved the day for Latin many times.

Latin Outstreaked 7-0

October 8

On one of the rainiest days B.L.S. has ever taken the field, Roxbury Memorial capitalized on an early drive and poor officiating to capture a muddy contest, 7-0.

"Ed" Dempsey kicked off for Latin School, and the ball was returned to the Roxbury "25." Then Roxbury started a drive which saw them march the length of the field for the only touchdown of the game. The try for point was good; and Memorial led, 7-0. "Jack" Buckley returned the subsequent kickoff for Latin School to our own "35". On the first play, however, B. L. S. fumbled; and Roxbury took over again just as the quarter ended.

Memorial now tried to pass, but "Sid" Kane and Harvey Wolff broke in to nail the passer for a loss of about twenty yards. Then, after the Purple and White had gained control of the ball, "Ed" Dempsey got off a beautiful kick that landed and stopped dead on the Roxbury 10-yard line. After the Latin line, inspired now by the great defensive playing of "Arky" Konigsberg and "Joe" O'Brien, had held for downs, Latin School became the victim of the poorest exhibition of officiating seen in a long time. "Dick" Walsh threw a 20-yard pass to "Jack" Buckley, who, said the officials, stepped out of bounds on the ONE-INCH line. On the next



B. L. S.

1948



BY PERMISSION OF BOSTON HERALD



Sept. 29 — Latin 26	Commerce 6
Oct. 8 — Latin 0	Memorial 7
Oct. 12 — Latin 7	B. C. High 12
Oct. 21 — Latin 20	Technical 0
Oct. 29 — Latin 13	Trade 0
Nov. 6 — Latin 20	St. Marks 19
Nov. 12 — Latin 13	Dorchester 13
Nov. 25 — Latin 19	English 0
WON 5						LOST 2
				TIED 1		



play "Dick" went over on a quarterback sneak; but the officials ruled against this one, too, calling Latin School offside on the play. Well, that was that; and the half ended, with Latin School still threatening within the 10-yard stripe.

During the second half, the heavy rain prevented serious threats by either team. The only highlights in this half, as far as Latin School supporters are concerned, were a couple of good runs by scatback "Jim" Jones, who had "Tom" Kent blocking for him both times, and some rugged defensive playing by "Dick" McNally.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Ed" Dempsey suffered a slight concussion in today's play. When he got back to the locker-room, he could not remember any of the game.

Lee Markoff, starback, is not expected to see service for two more weeks.

The Latin line stopped the fleet track star, Shelton, from Memorial, completely today. In fact, the whole Memorial team was stopped after their first drive.

Latin Loses To B. C. High 12-7

October 12

The injury-ridden Latin team held highly rated B. C. High to a 12-7 victory in a game that could have gone either way.

"Tom" Kent started the game with a long kick that was returned to the B. C. High "25." The Eaglets started their explosive offense immediately, making two consecutive first downs; but then the Purple and White's one-man line, featured by "Arky" Konigsberg, held and forced them to kick. "Dick" Walsh returned the punt to the Latin "25," and then "Jim" Toyas lugged the pigskin for twelve yards off tackle. But B. C. High intercepted a "Dick" Walsh pass and started another drive. A long pass was completed in the closing minutes of the period to the Latin 12-yard line. Here, the Latins tried valiantly to prevent a score. For almost the entire second period, "Terry" White's kicking and desperate defensive play by Harvey Wolff, "Duke" Skinner, and the rest of the line prevented B. C. High from penetrating the last white stripe. But, finally, the Eaglets scored on another pass. The attempted kick was blocked, and B. C. High kicked off. With just seconds left to play in the half, Latin desperately tried a pass; but it was intercepted, and B. C. High

had their second touchdown in less than a minute.

In the second half, B. L. S. completely dominated the play. Even without two of the leg-men, "Ed" Dempsey and Lee Markoff, The Purple and White showed that they are no pushovers. "Jim" Jones, "Jimmy" Toyas, and "Big Bill" Monafio alternately ripped the B. C. High line apart, while the passing combination of "Dick" Walsh and "Duke" Skinner clicked for two long gains. "Dick" Walsh finally scored on a quarterback sneak from the one-yard line. Harvey Wolff kicked the extra point, and Latin was in the game. The rest of the game saw B. L. S. still in domination of the play, but time ran out; and we had lost our second straight contest, 12-7.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Jack" Goldberg, who played the whole game today because of "Ed" Dempsey's injury, was hurt on the last play. Ligaments in his leg were torn.

The most rabid rooter that Latin School has is Mr. McKim, the Headmaster.

"Joe" O'Brien was one of the stars in today's game. "Joe" never gets any headlines, but he's always there when a good block has to be thrown.

Technical Outclassed 20-0

October 21

As Coach Fitzgerald put it, Latin School played two games against Technical: one bad one and one good one. After starting slowly, with their offense way off, The Purple and White pushed over three touchdowns in the second half to whip Boston Tech.

The first half was played completely in Tech's territory. "Ed" Dempsey kicked off, and the ball was returned to the Tech "35." "Sid" Kane and "Duke" Skinner stopped any ideas the Tech team had of going anywhere and forced them to kick. Here, Dempsey blocked the kick, and "Dick" McNally recovered for Latin School. The rest of the half went in the same fashion. Latin backs "Jim" Toyas, "Jack" Buckley, "Bill" Monafó, and "Jerry" Wilson showed momentary brilliance, only to lose the ball on fourth down. To show the irony of the situation, no less than four times Latin made five first-downs and lost the ball on fourth.

The second half, though, was a different story. Dempsey returned the Tech kickoff to the Latin "40". After an exchange of punts that produced no gain for either team, Latin began to roll. Toyas, Jones, and Monafó reeled off long gains to bring the ball to the Tech "12." Here, "Jim" Toyas fumbled; and when the ball rolled into the end-zone, "Dick" Walsh pounced on it for the touchdown. "Tom" Kent's kick was good, and Latin led, 7-0. Dempsey kicked off to the Tech "35," where

"Tom" Kent viciously spilled the runner. After "Dick" McNally recovered a Tech fumble, Latin rolled on again. Like last time, it was Jones, Toyas, and Monafó lugging the leather. "Jim" Jones carried it over for the second touchdown of the game. "Ed" Dempsey kicked off (he does it in his sleep now) and flattened the would-be runner on the Tech "30." "Gerry" Wilson intercepted a pass on the "40" to give Latin the ball again. After Dempsey had kicked to the Tech "35," "Dave" Kelly intercepted a desperate Tech pass and carried it all the way back to the Tech "20"; but a clipping penalty against Latin brought the ball back almost to mid-field and it remained for "Wild Bill" Monafó to shake loose in a spectacular "gallop" for the last touchdown. Kent's kick was good, and the game ended a minute later, 20-0 for Latin School.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWER

"Doc" Lynch showed today the courage of the Purple and White. "Doc" played the entire game on offense, without letting any one know of a severe sprain on his right hand. Our hats are off, "Doc" . . .

"Jim" Toyas's brother, a member of the starting Tech backfield, was hurt in today's encounter.

It's interesting to note that thus far, although Latin's record is only 2 and 2, they have outscored the opposition to the tune of 53-26.

B. L. S. Impressive Over Trade

October 29

Almost at full strength for the first time this season, the Purple and White celebrated the election of Lee Markoff and "Ed" Dempsey as co-captains by trouncing Trade School, 13-0.

Trade kicked off, and "Duke" Skinner returned the ball to the Latin "40." Here, the eager "Bobby" Graham, playing his

first game of the season, fumbled; and Trade took over. Bone-crushing tackles by "Ed" Dempsey and "Dick" McNally prevented Trade from doing any damage, and B. L. S. took over on downs. Now, "Peaches Bob" Graham made up for his earlier error when he scampered thirty yards to the Trade "40." After the usual

exchange of punts, Latin took over on Trade's "35." "Wild Bill" Monafó broke loose to the 10-yard line just as the quarter ended; and then "Dick" Walsh "floated" one of his special passes to Dempsey for the touchdown. "Tom" Kent's subsequent kick was ruled no good because the referee said that Latin was using an illegal formation.

"Ed" Dempsey kicked off to the Trade "30," and then Trade started their only real drive of the afternoon. This drive, broken up momentarily by a vicious tackle by "Vinny" O'Connell, saw Trade finally with a first-down on the Latin "12." But the Purple and White line, led by "Dick" McNally, "Gerry" Wilson, and "Tom" Kent held; and the half ended soon after.

"Ed" Dempsey kicked off to start the second half to the Trade "40." After Trade had gained about twenty yards, "Gerry" Wilson recovered a costly fumble. The B. L. S. team, led by the plunging

of "Bill" Monafó, now went for their second touchdown. A long pass from "Dick" Walsh to "Bob" Graham ate up twenty yards, and Jim Toyas finally carried it over. Kent's kick was beautiful, and the score read: Latin-13; Trade-0. The last period was a replica of Latin's domination and superb defensive work, especially by "Arky" Konigsberg and "Sid" Kane.

—DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS—

The choice of "Ed" Dempsey and Lee Markoff as co-captains was an excellent one . . . Lee and Ed both deserve the honor which is now theirs.

With report cards out, "Bob" Graham returned to the eligible list, and it is pleasing to note that no one is now ineligible.

"Dick" Walsh completed only two passes today, but one was good for a touchdown, and the second one good for 30 yards.

Purple and White Upsets St. Mark's

Saturday, November 6:

A fighting Latin School eleven, definitely underdogs against an undefeated St. Mark's team, put themselves and Boston as a whole on the football map by capturing a 20-19 decision over the heavy favorites.

St. Mark's had been running wild over their opposition all year; and at the start of this game, she appeared about to do the same to Latin. The Black and White made four first-downs in the first period, and only a pass interception by "Duke" Skinner prevented them from scoring. At the very beginning of the second period, however, a St. Mark's back scampered around end for a touchdown. The attempted conversion missed; and St. Mark's, with the wind favoring them, kicked into the Latin end-zone. Now, Latin started her own offensive for the first time in the contest. It took the Purple and White exactly two plays by

Markoff to cover the eighty yards (plus five more on an offside penalty) for the tying touchdown. The touchdown run, 76 yards, was a very pretty display of both speed and deception by Lee. "Ed" Dempsey now kicked off, and we got a break when "Dick" McNally recovered a fumble. The Latin attack again began to assert itself, with "Big Bill" Monafó doing most of the carrying, but it twice bogged down inside the St. Mark's "5".

After "Dick" Walsh returned the second half kickoff to his own "25", it again took Latin two plays to score. First "Bob" Graham scampered for nine yards, and then "Bill" Monafó romped the rest of the way (seventy or so yards) through a hole made by "Tom" Kent. "Tommie's" kick was good, and we were ahead, 13-6. "Ed" Dempsey kicked off to the "35," and then St. Mark's started her drive. Despite great defensive play by "Jim" Carter and

"Jack" Taylor, she rolled all the way for the six-pointer. The extra point was added by means of an end run. Now Latin began again. Starting from the "15", Latin, with Markoff and Monafó alternating, drove for their third touch-down of the afternoon. Lee Markoff finally went over, and "Tom" Kent added what proved to be the winning point. St. Mark's now started their final drive of the day. Vicious tackling by "Dick" McNally, Ralph Vena, and "Jack" Taylor only prolonged the inevitable, but it helped just the same. St. Mark's tried a pass for the "point-after", but it was knocked down by Wilson, and the game, for all

practical purposes, was over. The game ended with St. Mark's in possession at midfield.

—DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS—

Latin made a good showing today as far as attendance goes. Our portion of the stands was completely filled, and there were several members of the Faculty at the game.

It's not that the officials were one-sided, but St. Mark's ran off the last four plays in 10 seconds.

Several "alumni" were also at the game, including former football stars "Jack" Dempsey and "Lou" Tessier.

Dorchester Holds Latin To Draw

Friday, November 12:

Perhaps a little overconfident, and, at any rate, thoroughly weakened by the loss of "Joe" O'Brien and "Dick" McNally because of injuries, the Purple and White were held to a 13-13 standstill before a "full house" at Fens stadium.

"Ed" Dempsey started the day's festivities with a booming kick that went all the way into the end-zone. From their own twenty, Dorchester surprised every one with a quick-kick, and Latin took over at midfield. After three tries at the line netted nothing, "Ed" Dempsey went back into kick formation. "Ed" pulled a "quickie", when, instead of kicking, he raced around end for a first down. From this point, Lee Markoff raced the rest of the way, and Latin was ahead. Kent's kick was perfect. Now, the going got tougher for Latin School. For the rest of the quarter, the ball remained around the midfield stripe, as Dempsey's kicking and good defensive play by "Tom" Kent and "Bob" Graham prevented D. H. S. from doing any damage. Dorchester got a break early in the second period when they completed a very long pass. This paved the way for the tying touchdown and point-after. Now aroused, The Purple and White, led by the sensational running

of Lee Markoff, started to drive down the field. But there just wasn't time enough left, and the score remained 7-7 in the half.

At the start of the second half, things definitely did not go right for Latin School. First, a freak pass from center gave Dorchester the ball after the Latins had finally begun to explode. Then a pass was ruled complete on a charge of interference to give the Red and Black Raiders a first down on the Latin "15". Three plays later Dorchester scored. The kick was no good. Now, after an exchange of punts which saw Dorchester get the better of the deal, Latin began to roll from its own "20". As Monafó, Markoff, and Graham alternately ripped the opposing line to shreds, the ball was steadily brought upfield until "Bill" Monafó finally plunged over. This drive was halted only once, by a fumble, but "Ed" Dempsey made up for that when he blocked an attempted Dorchester quick-kick. Tom Kent's try for the point was bad, to spoil his streak, and the score was tied up again. There was not much time left to play, and the game was over just as Dorchester had intercepted a "Gerry" Wilson pass.

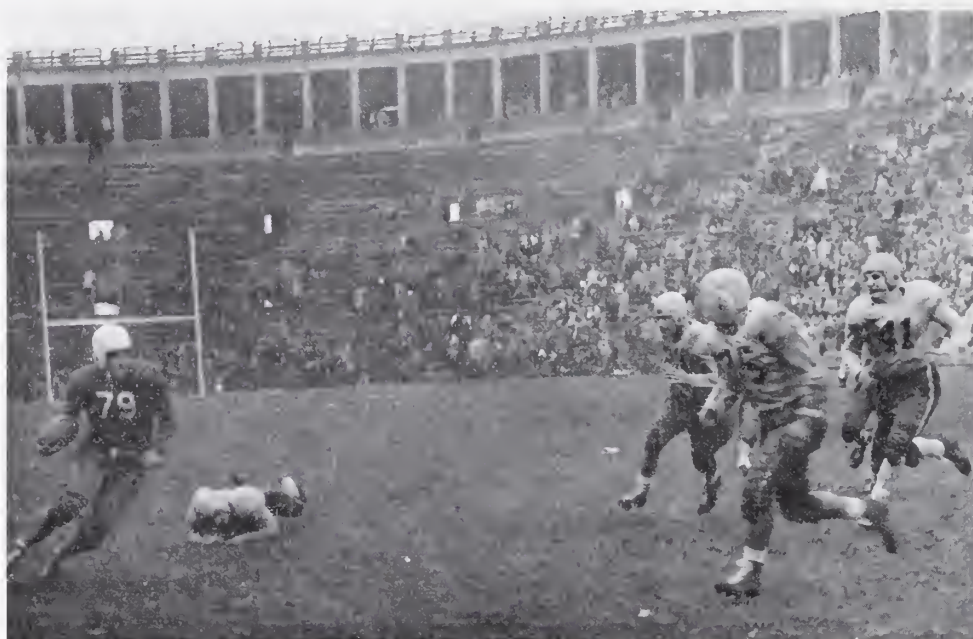
—DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS—

This was the last game before Thanksgiving, as the Brighton game, scheduled for next week, has been cancelled.

"Joe" O'Brien should be able to play

against English; but "Dick" McNally, defensive star, is out for the season with a broken thumb.

"Tom" Walsh, playing his first varsity game, performed very well under the circumstances.



Purple and White Dominates English

November 25: Upwards of 25,000 old grads, proud parents, and cheering students witnessed a great Latin School team defeat its arch-rival, English High, in a contest that was more one-sided than the score indicates.

The Blue-and-Blue won the toss and elected to receive. "Ed" Dempsey kicked off to the thirty-five yard line, from where the ball was returned to the English "42". The Latin line, inspired by the aggressive play of "Dick" McNally (who played with a broken thumb) and "Tom" Kent, stopped English from going anywhere in three tries. "Bob" Graham returned the subsequent punt to the Latin "35", but after a holding penalty had been called against the Purple, Latin started to drive. Quarterback Walsh mixed up the plays skillfully among his three running mates; but a bad pass from center set Latin back

for costly yardage, and English took over on downs. Again English could do nothing; for "Gerry" Wilson and "Ed" Dempsey broke in time and time again to stop the Blue plays. English then kicked to their own 35-yard line. First, "Bill" Monafio legged it around end for eight yards, and then "Dick" Walsh completed a pass to Dempsey on the twenty-yard line. Unfortunately, though, "Ed" fumbled; and an English player fell on the loose pigskin.

After John Sylvester, the English captain and best ground-gainer, had been stopped, the Latin offense really started to click. With "Lee" Markoff and "Bill" Monafio alternating, the ball was quickly advanced to the Blue five-yard stripe; from where Markoff scored standing up. "Tom" Kent's placement was blocked, but no one seemed to care as the Latin

stands and squad rose to cheer wildly as the team jogged back up the field to kick off. Dempsey's boot was returned to the English "40". Desperate passes by Blue backs hit nothing, and Latin took over again. Markoff made eight on his first try, but another fumble was recovered by the alert English team. "Duke" Skinner intercepted a pass at midfield to give Latin another chance, but again the Purple fumbled. Finally, after sterling defensive work by "Sid" Kane and Harvey Wolff forced English to kick, Latin exploded again—this time, though, to no avail. First Markoff shook loose for fifteen yards, and on the next play he fed the ball to little "Bob" Graham on a reverse. The scat-back ran 65 yards for a touchdown, but the referees spoiled this beautiful run by ruling that time had run out.

"Ed" Dempsey returned the second-half kickoff to the Latin 45-yard line. From here, "Lee" Markoff, aided by a 'three-man block' thrown by "Duke" Skinner, advanced the pigskin twenty yards. But the drive bogged down, and English took over. This time "Arky" Konigsberg and "Vinny" O'Connell did most of the work in stopping the English

'attack'. Walsh returned the Blue punt to the fifty-yard stripe. Markoff and Monafó, the 'Terrible Twins', now took turns again in hauling the leather down to the 13-yard stripe. From this point, "Dick" Walsh tossed a pass to "Ed" Dempsey, standing in the end-zone, for the second six-pointer of the contest.

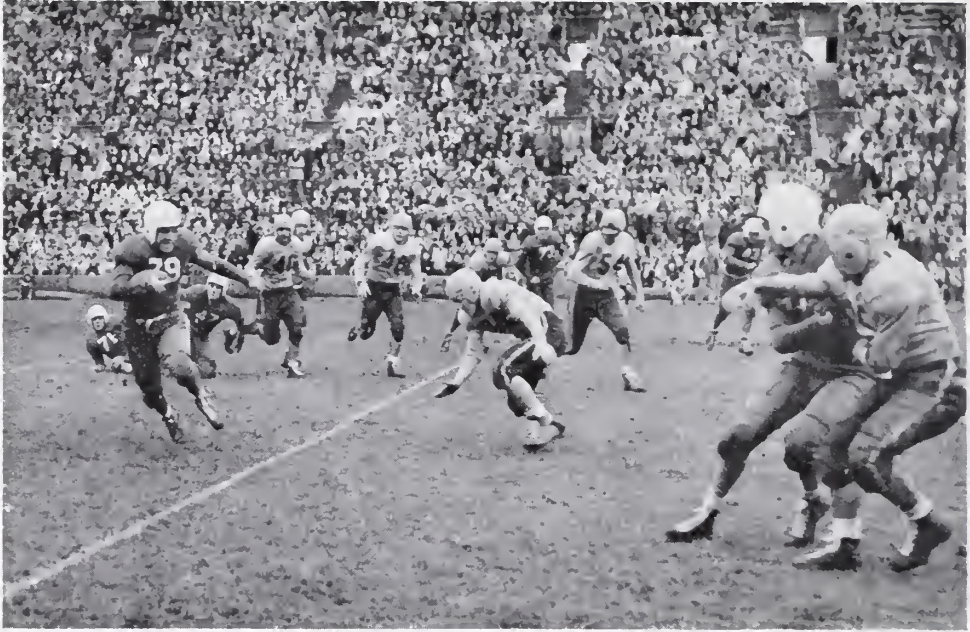
The last Purple-and-White touchdown was set up by a beautiful "Gerry" Wilson canter to the fifty-yard line. Then, "Big Bill" Monafó drove to the "34," from where "Lee" Markoff ran through a host of English defenders to register the last touchdown of the game. Harvey Wolff tried the extra point this time, and it was perfect. The game ended shortly after, ending a successful season with this smashing 19-0 victory.

—DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS—

Mr. McKim, our headmaster, summed up the feelings of the whole student body when he said in the locker-room, after the game: "BOYS, YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT." . . .

. . . This victory ended a seven-year losing streak for the Purple and White in the annual classic.





The 1948 J. V. Football

By SIDNEY KANE

The Latin Junior Varsity, under the able supervision of Coach "Pep" McCarthy, romped through an undefeated season. The J. V.'s piled up 107 points to zero for the opposition in the short stanzas at Fens Stadium.

After two cancellations because of rain, the Latin subs took the opener from Trade School 18-0, with the scoring honors going to "Jim" Jones, "Joe" Swirbalus, and "Jim" Carter. In the second encounter, the team ran through Memorial for a 19-0 victory, with "Jim" Carter again leading the attack. The next 24-minute duel saw the Latins crumble a Tech team, 39-0.

The high scorers were "Jimmy" Jones, and "Frankie" Kelly, who each registered twice.

With a sturdy line in front of him, "Terry" White engineered the J. V.'s to a 31-0 notch over English High. "Jim" Jones went around the end for the only first-half score, but in the remaining periods the game blew wide open. "Frank" Kelly crossed the goal-line twice; "Jim" Carter went over for another; and "Tom" Walsh scored on a long interception run-back.

Much credit is due Mr. McCarthy for the excellent showing of our J. V. squad.

Lineup

Ends: Irons, Cleary, Cooper, Simkis, Swirbalus

Tackles: Recko, Rosenthal, Kangas, Gill

Guards: Jeon, Barton, McHale, Joseph

Centers: T. Walsh, Mulloy, Doyle

Backs: White, Jones, Carter, Fox, Semans, Albert, F. Kelly, Connell

Basketball

The 1949 edition of the Purple and White basketball team will have a completely different schedule from that of last year. Instead of playing every school in the Boston Conference (including both the Intown and the District Schools), Coach Patten's lads will play only the Intown Schools, but will challenge each of these twice. This naturally will cause keener competition because the schools in-town usually have better teams and more spirited rivalry.

Heading the list of no less than nine lettermen is Captain-Elect "Dick" Walsh. "Dick", who has only been playing basketball since Class IV in this School, set an all-time scoring record for Latin School last year, and should, by means of his added experience, have even a better season. The other returnees from last year's "first-string" are "Duke" Skinner, "Charlie" MacLeod, and Elmore Collins. "Duke" Skinner, who also ranked high in scoring last year, will probably be sta-

tioned in the other forward position.

Elmore Collins, an extremely tall lad, well over six feet, will most likely hold the center slot. One fixture at guard is "Charlie" MacLeod. This is "Charlie's" fourth year of playing basketball for B. L. S., and his very presence will help steady the younger players. The other guard position is a toss-up among five veterans from last year's varsity; namely, "Joe" Doherty, "Dick" Fox, "Jim" Walsh, "Tom" Walsh, and "Mike" Semans.

Some of the more promising Jayvees include "Ronnie" Ashley, "Sal" Venezia, "Charlie" Gingold, "Joe" Soble, and "Red" Ridge. On the basis of such a combination of ability and experience, we can easily promise that Latin will make a strong bid for an invitation into the Tech Tourney. Your encouragement and support is definitely needed, though, to push the team to victory,—so let's all go to the games.

Schedule

- Jan. 3 Rox. Mem. at Arena.
 - 7 Dorchester.
 - 11 Trade.
 - 13 B. C. High.
 - 18 Technical at Garden.
 - 20 At Commerce.
 - 24 B. C. High.
 - 28 English at Garden.
 - 31 Commerce.
 - Feb. 3 Rox. Memorial.
 - 8 At Dorchester.
 - 11 Technical.
 - 14 Trade.
 - March 1—English (Place to be announced later).
- (Winner of City League will play District winner in Garden for Hearst Trophy and also the right to represent Boston in Eastern Massachusetts [Tech] Tourney.)

Alumni Notes

By SEYMOUR E. COOPERSMITH, '49

We are proud to admit that Paul Dever, Governor-Elect of Massachusetts, is a graduate of the Boston Public Latin School. He was a brilliant student and was among the top three of his class when he graduated in 1919.

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Joseph R. Levenson, '37, has been admitted to the Harvard Society of Fellows. His field of study will be "the intellectual history of China."

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Cornell University has announced the promotion of Harry Pollard, '35, from Assistant Professor to Associate Professor of Mathematics. Pollard has taught at Cornell since 1946. He was married to Helen May Rickard in 1943, and has two sons—Joel, born in 1944; and Carl, born in 1947.

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Among the 66 students who entered Harvard from all parts of the country with Harvard Club scholarships, was Geoffrey R. Paul, '48.

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Edward C. Marget, '23, of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company has qualified for membership in the 1948 Million-Dollar Round Table, having a twelve-month personal sales record of more than \$1,000,000. worth of life insurance. This is one of the highest life insurance honors granted by the National Association of Life Underwriters.

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Thomas H. Dowd, Jr., '32, formerly with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, announces the opening of an office at 110 State Street, Boston, for the general practice of law.

George Santayana, '82, has recently re-issued the first volume of his autobiography entitled "Dialogues in Limbo." Few authors have attained such praise of their writings as has George Santayana. When "Persons and Places" was published in the United States in 1944, it became the second book of Philosopher Santayana to win the popular accolade of the Book-of-the-Month Club (the first: his only novel, "The Last Puritan"). He has recently completed three more books. One is a book of verse, entitled "Posthumous Poems". Another is the final volume of his autobiography, and the last is "Dominations and Powers", a philosophical study of politics. He is determined that the publication of all three will have to wait till after his death. Santayana is still living in his retreat in Rome—the convent of the Little Company of Mary on Celian Hill.

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The Celicia Chocolate and Candy Manufacturing Company has announced the appointment of Kenneth J. Pezrow, ' , as assistant vice-president and general manager. He was formerly sales and advertising manager.

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Stanley Gelles, '48, is currently starring on the track team at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Ernest R. Caverly, '11, Superintendent of Schools in Brookline, has been elected Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Huntington Avenue Branch of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association.

Something of Interest.

By WILLIAM J. MCINTYRE, '49
AND MARK N. OZER, '49

Throughout this school year, the Something of Interest column will try to provide a clearing-house of information for all news of the school. We shall try to record the activities of the clubs and the assemblies which supplement the school curriculum and to chronicle the individual achievements of members of the student body.

Our new Headmaster, Mr. George L. McKim, was introduced to Classes I, II, and III, at their opening assembly, which was held on September 16, 1948. Mr. McKim spoke briefly of his pride in being selected headmaster, and he stated that he would carry on the policies of his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Joseph L. Powers.

The month of November, 1948, will be famous at Latin School for two things. Besides the astounding election of "poor little old Harry," that month will also be remembered as the time when the Class of '49, the greatest class in the history of the school (well, we think so, anyway), elected its officers. For two hectic weeks, the walls of the corner of the third floor which contains the Senior homerooms were plastered with all kinds of colorful campaign posters, and the seniors became accustomed to being accosted several times daily by pleading candidates. The fortunate individuals who were victors in the strenuous contest were President Leon F.

Markoff (301), Vice-President David C. Kelly (302), Secretary-Treasurer Robert E. Wolfson (303), and Class Committeemen Joseph G. F. O'Brien (303), Sidney G. Kane (307), Paul Fruit (302), Eli M. Young (301), Robert H. Goldstein (301), and John F. McHale (306).



Coach Sullivan congratulating William Phillips of Class II on his winning the Massachusetts Individual Schoolboy Golf Championship.

Once again this year, the Modern History Club is pursuing its policy of presenting competent speakers with timely analyses of current events. The membership, which has climbed to the record figure of 144, gives conclusive proof of the tremendous interest which has been generated by the programs which have been presented.

Thus far, Boston's French Consul, Mr. Albert Chambon, has discussed "France Since the War"; Mr. Eli Kamansky, a

graduate student at Harvard University, has presented an interesting account of "The Berlin Situation and the United Nations"; Mr. Oliver A. Quayle III, Executive Director of the New York State Branch of the United World Federalists, has delivered a fascinating talk on the purposes of "World Federal Government"; and promptly after the national election, a meeting was held where the members discussed, in an open forum, "The Results of the Election".

Future meetings which have been planned include a film entitled "Make It In Massachusetts", a talk on "The United Nations in the World Today" by Dan H. Fenn, Jr., Assistant Dean of Freshmen at Harvard University, and a discussion of the current crisis in China.

The Club is under the supervision of Mr. Paul F. Pearson, who has greatly contributed to the success which has been achieved. Instrumental in the popularity of the Club are William J. McIntire (303), Donald L. Shapiro (303), Mark N. Ozer (302), Charles A. Homsy (304), and Charles S. Constantin (306).

The Debating Club starts this new year with Mr. Frank J. Sullivan as its faculty director. In addition to the regular debates held every other Monday in Room 206, the Club is sponsoring a series of Junior Town Meetings. The first of these was held on November 15, 1948, before an assembly of Classes I and II. Paul G. Donahue (303), the President of the Debating Club, presided over the Forum, which considered the question "Should the Electoral System be Retained?" Upholding the affirmative of the question were Herbert Weinburg (301), Gareth M. Green (303), and Burton G. Malkiel (301). Supporting the negative on this question were Seymour E. Coopersmith (302), William N. Meloni (302), and Burton L. Cooper (302).

On Wednesday, November 10, 1948, the Dramatics Club presented the first

production of the 1948-1949 season. Before an assembly of Classes I and II, an original Armistice Day play, written and produced by Alan J. Bell (304) and Burton G. Malkiel (301), was very ably performed. This excellent play, which dealt with the terrible possibilities of another war, was enthusiastically received by all present; and the parts were very well played by a group of capable performers. The entire production was under the direction of Mr. Mark F. Russo.

On September 28, 1948, Classes I, II, and III attended an assembly which was called for the purpose of familiarizing the boys with the work and goals of Junior Achievement. Daniel M. Davies (303) introduced Mr. Merit A. Clegg, who is the Executive Director of Junior Achievement in Massachusetts; Mr. Oscar A. Schlaikjer, who discussed the business man's view of this movement; and Donald Howard, who spoke of the great benefits which he and others had obtained by membership in this worthy organization.

The Student Broadcasting Company, which is a division of Junior Achievement, and the company which so successfully presented their program TEEN ROUTINE last year over station WCOP, is soon returning to the air with another new show. Using last year's title, this year's TEEN ROUTINE will consist of four sections: news of interest to teen-agers from the high schools, the latest high school sports news, fashions for the girls, and a sprinkling of the week's top records. The program will be heard, beginning in December, between the hours of 10:30 and 11 every Saturday morning, over WCOP and WCOP-FM. Several Latin School boys are included in the staff of the program: John L. Lonergan (220)—Musical Director; Robert Pearson (117)—Sports Director; and Burton G. Malkiel (301)—Treasurer of the Corporation. Alan J. Bell (304) announces the show.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

*-D. LYONS
W. MORGAN*

Sept. 8: (The night before):—Two things are said to be unavoidable: Death and Taxes. Ye RRR won't argue about death or taxes—but school comes around each year with sickening regularity!

Sept. 9: Oh, no, it can't be! It's just another one of your practical jokes, Mr. Bowker. How could any one concoct such a program? Oh, well . . . At least you've arranged it so that I won't be flunking economics this year . . . Oh, yeah? . . . I'm not taking economics this year!

Sept. 10: Coach Fitzgerald called out all football candidates. Because of a bad back, a trick knee, and no ability, we have placed ourselves on the inactive list.

Sept. 13: The Glee Club is looking for *basses* . . .

Sept. 14: We were informed today that starting Thursday all boys will be expected to wear their complete phys. ed. wardrobes. What excuse can I use this year?

Sept. 15: Mr. Dunn called Class I together for the first time. After the meeting one Senior was heard to say, "I'm going to Peek-a-Boo College (I. C. U.)."

Sept. 16: At our first assembly today, we were formally introduced to our new Headmaster, Mr. George L. McKim. At this point, your reporter would like to join the student body in expressing

our sincere wishes for a happy future . . . furthermore, let's all cooperate to grant his first request—to keep our building clean . . .

Sept. 17: Those dazed looks on Class I faces were caused when Latin home-lessons were shortened to a maximum of thirty lines a night. Will wonders never cease?

Sept. 20: The scratches and bruises on the faces of Latin School football players are said to be the result of the new tackling dummy at Draper field. She won't stand still . . . The Glee Club would appreciate it if all boys with DEEP voices would report after school . . .

Sept. 21: Achievement tests were given throughout the school today. Achieved: —Dismissal at 10:30 A. M.

Sept. 22: Overheard in the lunchroom:—

Joe: I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!

Miss Sullivan: Sorry, dear; we used the last horse in yesterday's hot dish . . .

Sept. 23: Two Sixth Classmen walked into the Library looking for the "Coke" machine . . . Hey, that's quite an idea!

Sept. 24: **NOTICE TO MASTERS:** All boys caught singing in the locker rooms are to be turned over to the Glee Club promptly. Special rewards will be given for boys with DEEP voices . . .

Sept. 27: Hmmm! If you're not a football player, the only way to get out of a homeroom period is to break your leg

during the fourth period.

Sept. 28: Members of Classes I, II, and III were treated to a movie and talks explaining the National Junior Achievement Program for the coming year . . . The RRR thinks it's a great idea!

Sept. 29: Latin School won and lost today. The football team rolled over Commerce 26-6, but lost the services of Lee Markoff, the City's best back, for an indefinite period . . .

Sept. 30: Candidates for the Chess team took their physicals this morning. The first scrimmage will be held soon . . .

Oct. 1: The Lament of a Latin School Senior.

Oh, why must I burn the midnight oil,
As over my homework I struggle and toil,

When I could be out with a beautiful
goil?

Oct. 4: Upper Classmen with DEEP voices have been advised not to speak above a whisper in the corridors. Certain unscrupulous Glee Club officials, armed with pitch-pipes and oversized fish-nets, are said to be on the war-path . . .

Oct. 8: Many Latin School Seniors have been pawning their Caesar and Cicero "trots" to purchase class rings . . .

Oct. 6: School work took a back seat as boys grouped around radios in various parts of the building, trying to get reports on the opening game of the World Series . . . The Sixth Classmen finally found out today that Mr. Meanor does not reside in a huge fourth floor light tower overlooking the swimming pool . . . On the contrary, he haunts the labyrinths adjoining the second basement . . .

*Oct. 7: Notice—*Whistling is prohibited in the building at any time . . . Who feels like whistling after the tests we've been having?

Oct. 8: Latin lost its first game of the season today, and Ye RRR lost the crease in his pants as the rains came . . .

Wanted by Mr. Carroll: Sixteen strong boys, resembling horses, to help pull apart his "Magdeburg" Hemispheres!

Oct. 11: Your reporter spent a sleepy day in school, recovering from homework and other taxing activities of the weekend . . .

Oct. 12: In 1492

Columbus sailed the ocean blue;
In 1948—

We all sleep late . . .

Oct. 13: The Latin School drill program has been revolutionized: Military science is now being taught through movies as well as by word of mouth . . .

Oct. 14: The RRR furthered the cultivation of his aesthetic sense when he attended the first meeting of the Music Appreciation Club. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was the feature attraction . . .

Oct. 15: The boys of Class VI are now full fledged Latin School men. They have experienced the thrill of attending their first Public Declamation and heard about Uncle Podger's hanging the picture for the first time . . .

Oct. 18: Overheard in an English class: "Smith, adjust your cravat. Just because your brains are dead, you don't have to wear your tie at half mast."

*Oct. 19: Notice—*Smoking is forbidden in or around the school. Please do not light your cigarette until you reach the street. The street is Atlantic Avenue . . .

Oct. 20: Overheard in 304—

Mr. French: "Who was considered the strongest leader in the American Revolution?"

Class I Intellectual: "George Washington, naturally. He pitched his camp across the Delaware!"

SPECIAL NOTICE:

The Jeweler will be in the Library tomorrow with class rings. Accompanying him will be a loan official from the First National Bank, plus five armored-car guards, equipped with dustpans and brushes, to aid in carrying off the loot . . .

Oct. 21: The minute you think you've got the school figured out, they pull a "quick reverse" on you. Now take today: I was all set to get out of a stiff last period Latin test because of the football game, when they interchanged Periods Five and Six . . . You can't win!

Oct. 25: The first marking period closed; the first morning period begins.

A common scene throughout the building: Boys, waving their report cards frantically before a master's face, pleading, "But, Sir, my recitations!"

Oct. 26: *Warning to Seniors*: Don't let your girl friend try on your Class Ring. It's like dropping a box of peppermints in Room 115.

Oct. 27: *Heard in a Health Ed Class*: Master: What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Little B. L. S. Boy: One comes in bottles; the other comes in chests.

Oct. 28: There has been so much pushing and confusion at Brigham Circle, that once a bus driver had to pay a pupil's ticket to get into his own vehicle!

Oct. 29: Students were again reminded not to take the meaning of the word "recess" in "outdoor recess" too freely. Sharaf's may need the business, but that's carrying recess too far!

Nov. 1: The seating-plan in the School was changed from an alphabetic system to a height system. Guess Zeugma, Zassgo, and Zachabachzich get split up at last!

Nov. 2: After yesterday's untimely defeat of the Chess Club, there will be a sharp shake-up of the Second Team . . .

Nov. 3: Dr. "GALLUP" seems to have messed up a lot of people in this election . . . ; but he's been doing that very same thing to Latin School Boys, for *CENSURE-ies* now! Ooops . . . that name . . . I forgot it's *prima facie* around here!

Nov. 4: Walking through the corridors on the third floor is like going to an art exhibit in Chelsea.

Nov. 5: Dale Carnegie's book "How to Win Friends and Influence People" would lose all popularity if people could witness the tactics of Latin School vote-seekers.

Nov. 6: Football experts fell flatter than political pundits as Latin School scored an amazing victory over St. Mark's School at Southboro Saturday.

Nov. 8: (*In the Latin Class.*)

Teacher: What's the meaning of *status quo*?

Pupil: Why, that's Latin, for the mess we're in . . .

Nov. 9: *Geld, Pecunia, L'Argent*.—No matter how you say it, most Seniors don't have any.

Nov. 10: "No . . . No . . . Take them away! Those little men with the white coats, those red-rays, those zany reporters (yeah, those zany reporters) . . . those horrible dead men, those—" As they ushered the babbling student away, your reporter remarked . . . "It must have been that Armistice Day Play 'In the Name of Sanity' that did it." . . . and then they carried the R. R. R. away!

Nov. 11: No School! No Homework!! No Nuthin!!!

Nov. 12: Latin tied Dorchester. Well, that's better than a defeat, anyhow. Congratulations were numerous at the game as reports came in from the B. L. S. primaries for Seniors.

Nov. 15: The \$chool ha\$ a new way of te\$ting our loyalty. It \$eem\$ we have to prove our\$elve\$ more loyal each year—This time it adds up to \$2.60.

Nov. 17: Irresistible forces met immovable objects when the yearly Parent-Teachers meeting was held. The only ones affected by the impact were the pupils.

Nov. 19: The boys are cautioned not to open the windows from the bottom; too many third floor master's have been disappearing at regular intervals!

Nov. 22: Today the———
SORRY, DEADLINE!!

Room 216

Malgialo
DECardava
BaRtnick
Dwyer
JanskY

Circea
Harrington
Greenberg
MawhInney
Spelfagel
Temple
Mayer
Alpern
Shwartz

MAhaney
Neistadt
Dactaraff

Fallon

Haynes
MAclean
Palishuk
Podell
PauleY

Newman
GardEt
Walden

MaraY
KarElitz
WAtt
QueRida

Melawitz
CluEtt
CarR
BRady
AghjaYan

Caok
CaHen
BaRon
Heller
LevinSan
SilversTein
ThaMes
JAnjigian
WiSeblatt

LiliAfield
BarNes
GresfieldD

SullivAn

WhiteHouse
Appletan
Partemian
Paige

MurraY

ClinNtan
CicEra
LeWis

SnYder
CaokE
GhAgan
KRasna

CrawFard
CanteR
CataldO
LimMer

THE BOYS OF

229

SIR
ULLIVAN'S
MART
TUDENTS
ENDING
INCERE
ALUTATIONS

TO MESSIEURS
SULLIVAN
LOHRER
PARTRIDGE
CHEETHAM
SHEA
GORDON

'Twas the night before Christmas,
In Room 233
No one was there
Vacation, you see.

The floors were all shiny
And the boards were bright
The desks were all empty
And no books in sight.

But this can not last
Though vacation is here
It will soon be over
With the coming New Year.

So here is our wish
From Room **233**
Have a Merry Christmas
And celebrate it with glee.

Loafing in the corridor, a "Sixie" we did spy.
A merry little chap was he, a twinkle in his eye
 Then he came o'er to us, and asked us where to find,
 Ironie Mister Meanor of room 429.
 Now everything to him seemed fine, for it was his first day,

So politely we told him how to go his merry way.
 Closing this, our Christmas ad, and
 Having written just a fad,
Our class will say once more:
 Outstanding Christmas Greetings from,
 Let's say from room **234**.

A
 Merry Christmas
AND
 A Happy New Year
TO
 Mr. Dobbyn, Mr. Wilbur,
 Dr. Marnell, Mr. French,
 Mr. Carroll, and Dr. Calanan.
 From the best senior room
 Since 1635.

302

Mar**H**ianda
FOx
 Sa**L**ana
 Klai**n**er
 Nar**D**ahl
 Fr**A**nk
TYler

Gau**G**han
 Pe**R**ez
 Ucc**E**lla
 Pr**E**vidi
 Can**T**ar
 Nap**l**er
 Cunni**N**gham
 Seli**G**man
 Ru**S**sa

Can**T**ar
Olken

F**A**lcane
 Ga**L**e
 Spil**L**ane

Lea**F**er
 Bu**R**ns
TObin
 Ha**M**ilton

TRaiana
 Mr. **O**brien
 Ch**O**ate
 Ta**M**is

324's

Gray
 Cann**E**lly
 Kush**N**er
 Sw**I**rbalus
SUrette
 Mar**S**e
THe**I**l
 Sar**n**e

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS

FROM THE WHEELS

OF 304

Greetings

from

102

kaMin
Engle
gRon
doctoRoff
kellY

sChiff
simcHes
mc cRee
wIlson
lewIS
Tharpe
kliMan
rAne
epStein

seArle
a'danNell
meDeiros

Mr. FitzgerAld

pHillips
giardAno
liPson
Pearson
dohertY

schNeiderman
segElman
oWen
Lee, W.Y.
eilErtson
kAgan
sabeR

Tefft
IOhrer

Alch
sLavet

fuLd

from 117

BaCigalupa
FurosH
CarR
CallIns
GalaniS
CroTty
GoodMan
HAch
JohnSan

GeorGe
CoveR
HEgarty
LoffEy
KuppersTein
Illman
HoNouer
PoGlorulo
OSofsky

AND

Waldstein
QuIrk
JohnSon
PridHam
MErlin
Seils

SinGer
MAranis
MiLLer
JOy
SaundeRs
TavEl

from the

TAttelbaum
LiNdohl
Galdberg
OrnstEin
EarLe
Sidd

of 104

The Xmas Gifts from Room 121

To Mr. Dobbyn, a new thermos bottle;
To Mr. Fitzgerald, o leetle seester from Eetaly;
To Mr. Galline, a sound-proof room;
To Mr. O'Keefe, o copy of "SIX BUCKETS OF BLOOD";
To Mr. Wilbur, the collected works of "Modome Gluck";
To ALL, o Merry Xmos ond a Happy New Year.

AMBERT'S
AZY
OVABLE
UNATICS

WISH YOU A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Room 122

Now Christmas is coming
As we have heard said,
But that gives no help
To our marks which are red.
In our hearts naught but gloom,
In the sky shines no sun
For us the poor inmates of 131.
* Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Meolwitz
SilverstEin
BoRnes
BoRon
BradY

Cluett
CoHen
CoRr
Holler
ASnes
ClinTon
ThoMos
Aghjoyzn
Sullivan

Appleton
LeveNson
LilenfieldD

CrAwford

GaugHan
WiseblAtt
Poige
Portamizn
MurroY

JoNjigion
CookeE
Whitehouse

SnYder
LEwis
CATaldo
CiRceo

GrasField
KRasnoo
COok
LiMmer

2
ContOr
9

A. D. Bloom
W. S. KodEn
R. BoxteR
D. F. TayloR
R. P. KottellY

J. A. TrinChiro
G. H. Wolkon
R. N. HorRington
D. E. DevIne
P. S. RoSenthol
W. CoTie
M. A. GliMcher
J. F. DolAn
L. KogoS

E. R. ErnesT
D. J. O'Connell

F. X. CrOwley
F. R. LUpi
E. G. NojjaR

R. W. McCarthy
R. D. DAuphinee
K. I. NorriS
R. J. Trodd
J. F. X. CullinanE
P. A. WhoRton
D. Simon

GORDON'S GOONS THE BOYS OF 210

G

RETCH'S
RIMY
RUESOME
OOFY
OONS
IVE
REETINGS
ALORE

From Room 134

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
from the boys of

135

We love our homeroom
Through and through,
We loyal sons of **202**.
But a great many thanks
And plenty of cheer
For a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.

Jazzy's
oyful
uvenile
acks
oyfully
eer

Merry
Christmas
and
Happy
New Year

GREETINGS

OF THE SEASON.

FROM ROOM **214**

NEVILLE'S
ASTY
OBLES

GIVE
RACIOUS
REETINGS

Oh Christmas is coming
I heard it was said,
But that doesn't help
Our marks which are red.
So all we can say to both large
and small
Is a glaring report card and
A Merry Christmas to all.

From **219**

Our marks are red
Pupils we pass only seven
From the 32 geniuses
Of smart **211**.

Wish You A Merry Christmas
And A Happy New Year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

FROM

204

M
E
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R
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R
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T
M
A
S

FROM THE
INMATES
OF
CELL **220**

ETER'S
ITIFUL
ROTEGE'S
RAY YOU'LL
OSSESS
LEASANT
ASTIMES.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM THE BOYS OF **221**.

Christmas Greetings
from the
"GRUMPY GRAMMARIANS"
of
222.

This is from us of **224**
And Mr. Dolan too,
We send the season's greetings
From all of us to you.
Merry Xmas and Happy New
Year.

The boys in 225 ore lozy.
We'd rother sleep thon toke the time
To think up for the B. L. S. Register
A jolly verse or merry rhyme.

As I've stoted, we ore lazy.
We act more deod thon we do olive.
But Merry Christmos and Hoppy New
Yeor

From the boys in **225**.

We the profound scholars of
Room **235**, send Christmas Greet-
ings to the entire student body
and to our masters.

301

Nos viri proeclarissimi, in linguis gol-
licis et germanicis versoti, qui sonctos
fines CCC1 incolunt, semper olocres sunt
od dignas cousos nostrae scholae od-
iuvondas. Goudemus igitur hoc spotium
copere, ut nostram voluntatem benignam
demonstremus. Ave!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM **103**

Each year about this time
When wishes must be put to rhyme
Merry greetings must be said
Merry greetings must be read
And so we say these words sincere
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
From Mr. Gilbert and Room **108.**

Nous, la classe de la pièce **114**,
voulons a toute l'école une Noel
gaie et une année heureuse.

Joyeux noel et
Bonne année a tous
De la part des élèves
De la salle **118.**

M cLAUGHLIN'S
ERRY
ATHEMATICAL
ORONS
OF ROOM **120.**

Wish You All A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

1 thing that this room has is
3 2 studious gentlemen
O f whom all wish you
A Merry Xmas.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Merry Christmas to you
From **132.**

MERRY XMAS AND
GREETINGS WITH GLEE
FROM THE BOYS OF
133.

Merry Xmas

from

306

Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
from
Uncle Tom's Cabin

303

Merry Christmas

From

322

Greetings From

The Boys of

307

A Happy New Year
And a Merry Xmas

From the Prisoners
Of Cell 325.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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